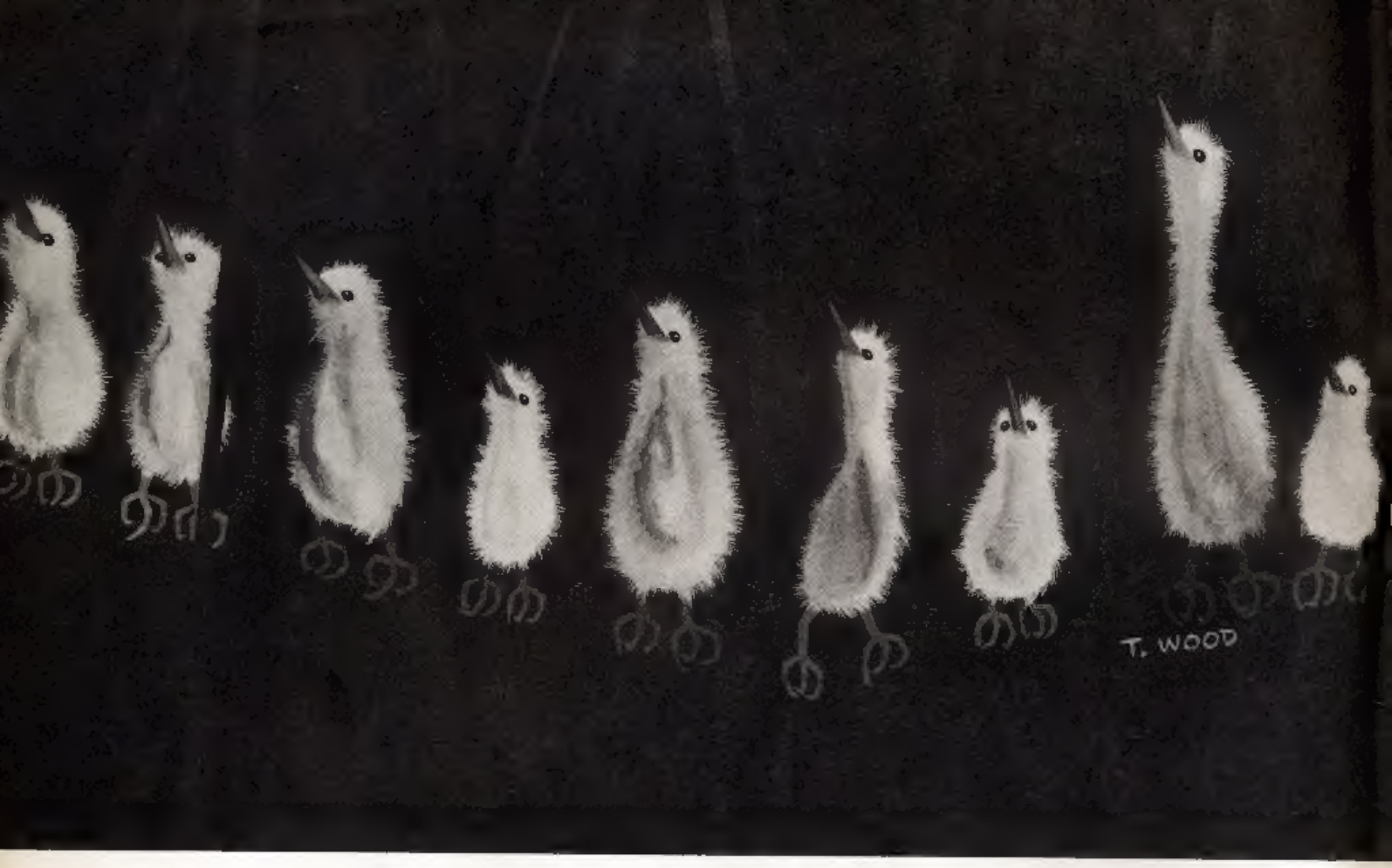
witzend no. 2

ONE DOLLAR PER COPY



What is it...

...they asked, in subdued awe, and other assorted emotions, both real and feigned. Does it serve a useful purpose? Does it have redeeming social importance? Is it calculated to improve the minds and morals of the masses?

It is a witzend, came the reply, with a curious mixture of diffidence and arrogance. A unique publication comprised of editorless artistic creations from the minds and hands of some very talented people. It is a place to experiment, as well as to display some previously unpublished work done by professional artists for their own enjoyment. And to establish copyrights on properties which may have commercial possibilities.

Is the world ready for another edition? Can a society that has absorbed the Bomb, LSD and wax apples take WITZEND 2 too? We met in closed sessions for months, wailing and moaning, knotting our brows in half-hearted half hitches... But it was all for nothing, because it had to be.

Your letters of comment and encouragement are welcome, but the most welcome token of all at this point would be your money. (We are now accepting subscriptions, up to and including no. 4, so please stop reading, mark your place, and find two one dollar bills, or one two dollar bill.... we'll wait.)

Our magazine does not and will not seek general distribution by diluting any contribution to suit the preconditioned tastes of a mass readership. We will not have page after page of absolutely essential products like pimple creams, two-mile binoculars or fetish pictures to hustle. We are counting on one thing...your appreciation of our material.

Our only guarantees about forthcoming issues are that they will be one of a kind, a hell of a lot funnier than the 11 o'clock news, (No matter HOW high they turn up the laugh track), and at least twice as irregular as the Reader's Digest.

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ORION
ORION'S WORLD IS NOT OUR WORLD BUT ONE OF WHICH THE STUFF OF FANTASIES AND LEGENDS ARE MADE. HIS ENEMIES AND CONFLICTS ARE WROUGHT OF DEMONS AND SORCERIES, MORE PALPABLE HERE THAN COMPETITORS OR TENSION AND FRUSTRATION. HERE POWERFUL DARK GODS COMMAND MENS OBESIENSE AND MAGIC THEIR BELIEFS. THE SECRETS OF SCIENCE ARE PRIVY TO BUT A FEW..... AND EVERYONE KNOWS THEY ARE QUITE MAD.
Copyright © Gray Morrow 1967
ORION'S NEVER-ENDING QUEST FOR THE SEVEN PORTALS TO THE SEVEN BRIDGES TO THE SEVEN STARS TO WHICH HIS FABULOUS SWORD, THORBOLT IS THE KEY BRINGS HIM TO ISHANDRIA AND THE RED HORSE INN...(A MYTHICAL BEAST TO ISHANDRIANS.)
THE STORIES OF YOUR TRAVELS ARE ALL LIES OF COURSE, ORION. BUT MARVELOUS LIES, NONETHELESS. WHERE WILL YOU GO FROM HERE BREAKING MY POOR HEART?
YOUR LIES ARE PRETTIER YET THAN MINE, ASRA. THOUGH I'D MUCH LIKE TO BELIEVE YOU'D BE JUST A LITTLE SAD TO SEE ME GO, WHEN I LEAVE FOR BALIMORA TONIGHT.

BALIMOPRA! TONIGHT! NOW I KNOW YOU LIE! NO ONE GOES TO THAT DREAD PLACE EXCEPT.... EXCEPT.... OH!
AGRA, WHAT THE...??
AGRA, WAIT... WAIT! WHAT DID I SAY??
EXCUSE ME SIR, ORION IS IT NOT? LAMONTHOS IS MY NAME. DO I UNDERSTAND YOU JOURNEY TO BALIMOPRA?
WHAT? ... OH, NOT TO IT, THROUGH IT, WHY?
A MOST FELICITOUS COINCIDENCE, SIR, AS I TOO JOURNEY TO KALPUS JUST ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FURTHERMOST MOUNTAIN RANGE OF BALIMOPRA. FORGIVE MY BOLDNESS BUT MIGHT AN OLD MAN PRESUME TO HOPE THAT AN EXPEDITIOUS ALLIANCE BE MADE? SAFETY IN NUMBERS, YOU KNOW.
SAFETY?
PLEASE, I DO NOT WISH TO OFFEND CAN IT BE THAT YOU'RE UNAWARE....
THE MAID'S ATTITUDE MUST HAVE GIVEN YOU THE CLUE... AH NO, I SEE YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND. BALIMOPRA IS A DREAD LAND HARBORING NAMELESS TERRORS, RULED OVER BY MASTERS OF DARK ARTS AND VISITED ONLY BY OTHERS OF THAT SINISTER PERSUASION. YOUR FRIEND MISTOOK YOU FOR A WARLOCK!
AND YOU?
OH, I DO NOT SO MALIGN YOU, GOOD SIR, AS TO YOUR BUSINESS THERE I DO NOT INQUIRE. I MERELY PETITION YOU FOR PROTECTION AS FAR AS MY DESTINATION, FOR WHICH OF COURSE I WILL PAY HANDSOMELY.
A CUSTOM MORE VENERABLE EVEN THAN YOURSELF DOES NOT PERMIT REFUSAL OF SUCH A PETITION AMONG TRAVELERS OLD ONE. MEET ME WITHIN THE HOUR AT THE STABLE BEHIND THE INN AND WE RIDE FOR BALIMOPRA.

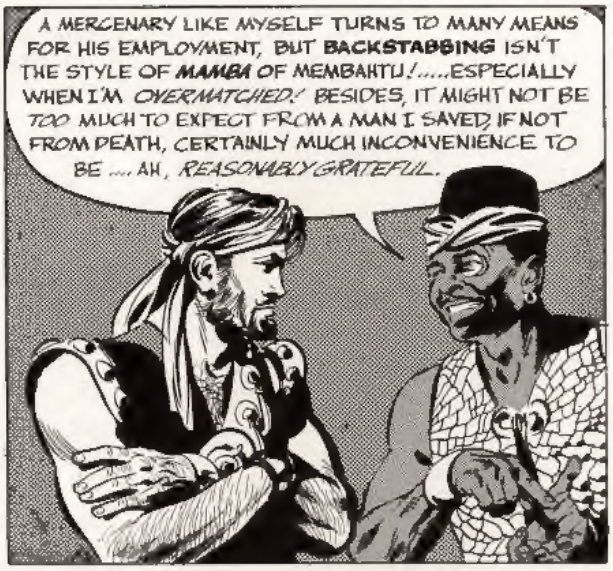
SOMETIME LATER, AS ORION HEADS FOR THE STABLES AND HIS APPOINTMENT WITH LAMONTHOS....

FROM APPARENTLY INNOCENT SHADOWS MENACING FORMS SUDDENLY MATERIALIZE. AS ORION UNSHEATHES THORBOLT A BROODING RUMBLE AS OF DISTANT THUNDER CRACKLES ACROSS THE ELECTRIC TENSION CAUSING THE ATTACKERS TO FALTER INVOLUNTARILY, SOMEHOW LESS CONFIDENT NOW OF THEIR PREY.

THEN THE FLICKERING SHIMMERING STAB OF SUMMER LIGHTNING ENGAGES STEEL AND THE BATTLE IS JOINED.

COLD STEEL PROVES TO BE NO MATCH FOR THE FLAMING BLADE OF ORION AND THE REMAINING ASSAILANTS, UNMANNED BY THEIR FRIGHT, BOLT IN ABJECT TERROR.

YOUR WARNING WAS TIMELY AND DRAMATIC, MY FRIEND. ALMOST AS IF IT WERE... ...CONTRIVED.
PEACE, ORION! WHAT A SUSPICIOUS MAN YOU ARE! NOT WITHOUT SOME JUSTIFICATION, HOWEVER. MY WARNING OF THE SKULKERS WASN'T MERE HAPPENSTANCE. I WAS HIRED SAME AS THEY TO WAYLAY YOU BUT I'D HEARD OF YOU AND THE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING OF YOUR BLADE, ...MY FORMER COMPANIONS HAD NOT!


A MERCENARY LIKE MYSELF TURNS TO MANY MEANS FOR HIS EMPLOYMENT, BUT BACKSTABBING ISN'T THE STYLE OF MAMBA OF MEMBAKTU!.....ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M OVERMATCHED! BESIDES, IT MIGHT NOT BE TOO MUCH TO EXPECT FROM A MAN I SAVED, IF NOT FROM DEATH, CERTAINLY MUCH INCONVENIENCE TO BE .... AH, REASONABLY GRATEFUL.

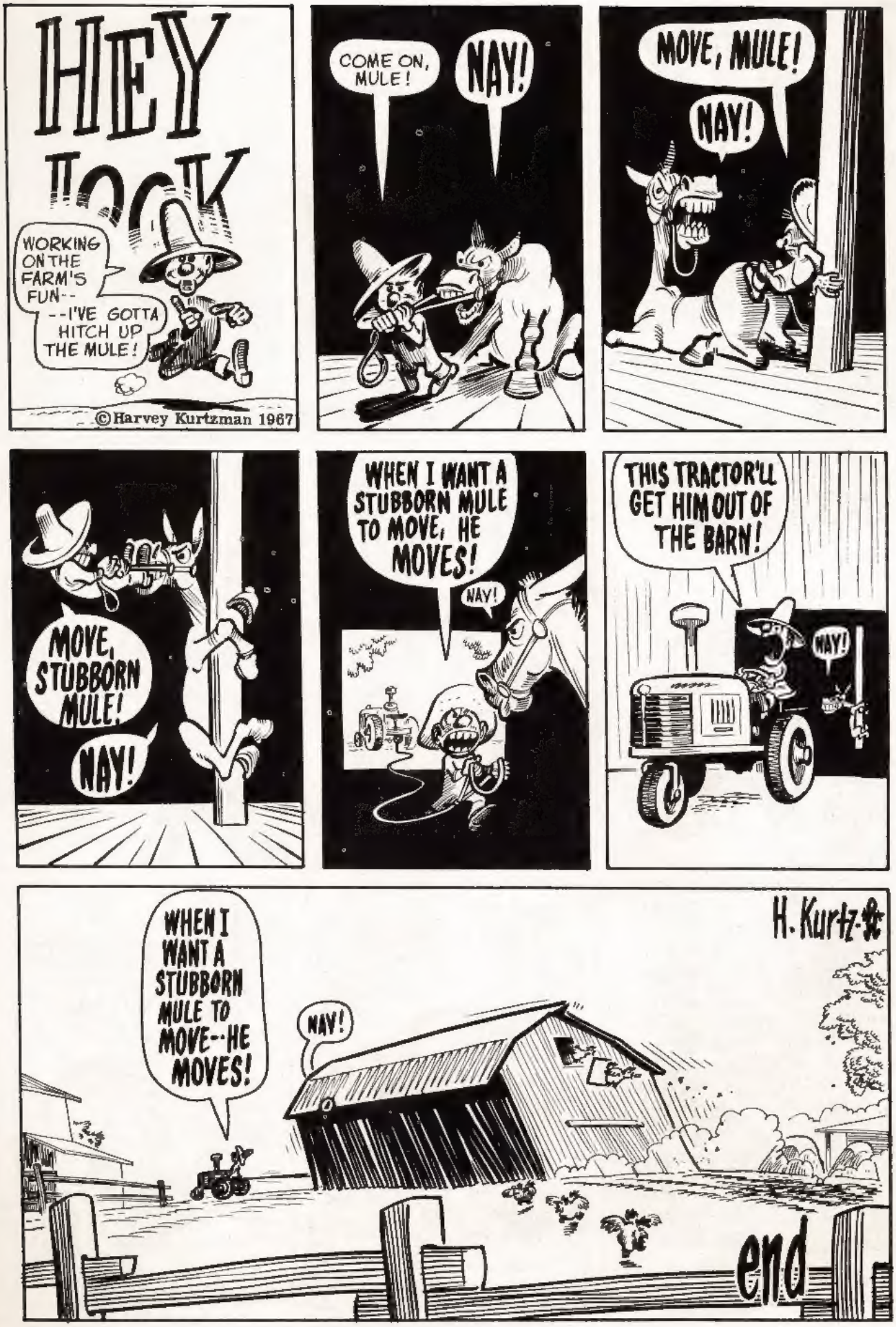
YOU DON'T MISS A TRICK, MAMBA. THE NAME OF YOUR PREVIOUS EMPLOYER MAY INCREASE MY GENEROSITY.
AH... THE OLD MAN WHO PETITIONED FOR YOUR PROTECTION AT THE INN.
AND THE REASON FOR THE ATTACK ?
HE COVETS YOUR MAGIC BLADE.

THEN PERHAPS HE IS HIMSELF ONE OF THOSE HE PRETENDED TO WARN ME OF.
WHICH IS.... ?

A SORCERER!
AY YIII... WAIT!

WELL, NOW THAT YOU'VE COLLECTED ONCE TO TAKE MY LIFE AND ONCE TO SAVE IT, YOU OUGHT TO BE A TWICE-HAPPY MAN.
I'LL BE A **THRICE**-HAPPY ONE TO PUT SOME **MILES** BETWEEN ME AND THAT SORCERER. THEY HAVE UNPLEASANTLY IMAGINATIVE WAYS OF REPAYING A BAD TURN!
WELL, GOOD LUCK AND—
HOLD!
AH, MY DEAR ORION! CAN IT BE THAT YOU'VE FORGOTTEN OUR AGREEMENT, SIR?
YOU'VE VOIDED ANY CONTRACT BETWEEN US, OLD ONE. STAND ASIDE!
AS LAMONTHOS GESTURES OMINOUSLY, ORION CUES HIS MOUNT AND THE BEAST LEAPS, CLAWS FLAILING.....
AH ME, IT APPEARS THIS SCURRILOUS RASCAL HAS POISONED YOUR MIND AGAINST ME. DEPENDABLE KNAVES ARE SO HARD TO GET THESE DAYS. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MATTERS INTO MY **OWN** HANDS.

THE RENDING TALONS SHRED HARMLESS PLUMES OF SMOKE AS LAMONTHOS MAKES A HASTY AND UNCONVENTIONAL EXIT.....
ORION AND MAMBA PUT SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM—SELVES AND THE SCENE OF THEIR ENCOUNTER WITH THE MAGICIAN BUT.....
WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF HIM, I FEAR.
OOOOWEE! LOOK WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I TRY TO BE A GOOD SAMARITAN NOW I CAN'T GO BACK AND IT'S SUICIDE TO GO FORWARD
I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T DEVISED A WAY TO COLLECT YOUR OWN REWARD.
THE SOLDIERS WON'T FOLLOW ME TO BALIMODRA BUT LAMONTHOS IS SURE TO HOUND US BOTH. BETTER THE UNCERTAINTIES OF THE BLACK RANGES BEFORE US THAN THE SURETY OF THE COMBINED FURIES OF THE CUCKOLDED COMMANDER AND HIS SCORNED WIFE, I THINK. WHAT SAY YOU ORION, TO A CONTINUANCE OF OUR CHANCE ALLIANCE?
WHY?
I DESERTED FROM THE ARMY POST AT BASARAK. FOOD WAS BAD AND PAY WAS WORSE. THE COMMANDER'S WIFE HATED TO SEE ME GO. I SUSPECT THE COMMANDER SUFFERED MIXED EMOTIONS. THEY'LL HAVE BLANKETED THE AREA WITH SEARCHERS AND REWARD OFFERS. THE ONLY WAY IN OR OUT OF ISHANDRIA FROM HERE IS THE ROAD LEADING TO BALIMODRA AND BASARAK GUARDS THE PASS.
AND SO IT WAS THAT ORION THE WANDERER AND MAMBA THE MERCENARY MET AND BEGAN THEIR STRANGE ADVENTURES ON THAT FATEFUL NIGHT AT THE RIM OF BALIMODRA.... BLEAK, BROODING BALIMODRA WHERE MAMBA AND ORION FACE — AH, BUT THEN THAT IS YET ANOTHER TALE.....


HEY
WORKING ON THE FARM'S FUN--
--I'VE GOTTA HITCH UP THE MULE!
©Harvey Kurtzman 1967
COME ON, MULE!
NAY!
MOVE, MULE!
NAY!
MOVE, STUBBORN MULE!
NAY!
WHEN I WANT A STUBBORN MULE TO MOVE, HE MOVES!
NAY!
THIS TRACTOR'LL GET HIM OUT OF THE BARN!
NAY!
WHEN I WANT A STUBBORN MULE TO MOVE--HE MOVES!
NAY!
H. Kurtz
end

HEY LOOK
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M A SCIENTIFIC FARMER!
I'VE JUST MIXED A NEW CHICKEN FEED!
H. Kurtzman
THIS CHICKEN HASN'T BEEN LAYING MANY EGGS! I'LL FEED IT MY NEW FEED!
© Harvey Kurtzman 1967
YEEHOOO
MY GOODNESS! THIS SURE WORKS!
YEEHOO
THAT HEN'S LAYING EGGS A MILE A MINUTE!
EEHA!
CUT!
CUT!
HEY! CUT IT OUT! YOUVE COVERED THE BARN WITH EGGS!
WOOPS!
SAY--I'VE GOT A NEW SCIENTIFIC CHICKEN FEED FORMULA!
NOT INTERESTED !!
end

IF YOU CAN'T JOIN 'EM... BEAT 'EM!

a feeble fable

by WARREN SATTLER

IT MUST BE TOUGH BEING A NICE GUY... TSK! I NEVER HAD THAT PROBLEM!
I'M SO GOOD THAT ALL OTHER DRAGONS CAN'T STAND ME...GOSH... HOW I WISH I WERE ROTTEN!

Copyright © Warren Sattler 1967

I THINK I CAN HELP YOU!
YOU'RE LOVABLE NOW BUT WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU-YOU'LL BE NO GOOD AT ALL!
I'LL BE FOREVER GRATEFUL!
...YOUR NAME WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY...ER... BY THE WAY— WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
OXFORD!
OXFORD ?
YES...MOTHER THOUGHT I LOOKED VERY COLLEGIATE!
I'M Mc WIRE, ESQUIRE!
NOW HERE'S THE SOLUTION, OX... YOU GOTTA PRETEND YOU'RE MEAN AN' NASTY... YOU GOTTA ACT IT OUT...SEE? YOU'LL BE AN ACTOR!
I-I, C-CAN'T DO THAT!
WHY NOT?
I GET STAGE FRIGHT!
ACTING IS EASY... ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS FOOL THE AUDIENCE INTO THINKIN' YOU'RE SOMETHIN' YOU'RE NOT...
EXAMPLE:
BOW WOW! WUF! ARF!
THERE! WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM?
SOME KIND OF A NUT!

AW...COME ON, OX... YOU CAN DO IT...
JUST TRY!
NOW REPEAT AFTER ME... "BOOO!"
?
WELL?
I CAN'T REMEMBER MY LINES!
IT'S NO USE, Mc WIRE!
I'M JUST NOT CUT OUT TO BE A DRAGON...I'M A COWARD...YET A DRAGON SHOULD BE FEARLESS!
"OXFORD, THE CHICKEN-HEARTED," THAT'S ME...
SAY... PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, OX!
HUH?
WAIT HERE! I GOTTA GET SOME STUFF...
TAR AND FEATHERS!
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN...YOU'RE GOING TO RUN ME OUT OF TOWN...
TAR
YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG!
THEN WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME!
TAR

LISTEN, OX... NO MATTER HOW MUCH OF A MISFIT YOU THINK YOU ARE — THERE'S A PLACE FOR YOU... YOU JUST GOTTA FIND IT...
BUT YOU'VE MADE ME EVEN MORE RIDICULOUS THAN I WAS ORIGINALLY...
I'VE JUST ENHANCED YOUR PERSONALITY!
BEAUTIFUL! NOW WE'RE IN BUSINESS, OX!
HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!
STEP RIGHT UP...
FOR ONE THIN SHILLING SEE...
OXFORD... THEE WORLD'S BIGGEST CHICKEN!
CLUCK!

YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME AND ALL OF THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME WITH ODDS LIKE THAT—— IT'S USUALLY WORTH THE GAMBLE!

A REED CRANDALL ERB PORTFOLIO

In the following pages, we proudly present the first part of a portfolio by Reed Crandall, illustrating scenes from the novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs.

We are sorry, but space is at a premium and to do justice to Mr. Crandall's superb draftsmanship and mastery of technique, we are presenting them one to a page. Therefore it will probably take three issues to run the entire collection.

For the benefit of Burroughs Bibliophiles and other interested parties, we may publish an index at the termination of this series, listing the stories illustrated.

And then again, we may not.

Our thanks go to Al Williamson, who provided us with this collection of great drawings. And to Robert Barrett, for permission to use the Crandall paintings.

R. CRANDALL

They are out there, little Alice,
Casting shadows on the scene,
Dripping venom full of malice
Their glasses make the sun turn green
Life is short and might makes right
Teachers teach and childrens play
Strong men weep and women fight
And we all vote our rights away
It is sad, but it is true
I am tired and you are trying
No one watches over you
God's alive, but we are dying
Where shall we go, what shall we do?
There are no schools to show the light
By now it must be clear to you
There are no fools save those who write

Wood

SHE wants me to promise Eternity
And I ask what's wrong with now.
Why can't she see that
Tomorrow is Forever?
Why does it have to be
Always or Never?
She wants me to see it
Like some Dark Mystery,
But all that can be foretold
Is the Darkness,
And my eyes straining
At nothing.

Ralph

They are Watching you,
Helplessly trapped within your mind.
From their armchair thrones,
Black marble eyes glistening,
As they sit, Invisible to you
That doesn't even recognize
what they are
They have won the Ultimate.
They are immortal.
For they are more than part of you,
And your undreamt-of
Children's Children
will be buried by the weight
Of their Uncountable, Undead
Mothers,
Passed on, even as your own,
Sitting in Judgement

Ralph

"No"
They said,
"Get away
from us
You think you're
Better
than us!
Get away
if you won't give us
Pity!
Your pretense of
Respect
cannot help us
feel sorry for ourselves"
"Do you think that you have
a corner on suffering?"
I asked,
And pulled down the shades
And put on their mask
And turned on my tape recorder
And they were satisfied
Just to hate me

Ralph

Painting by
Frank
Frazetta

And She waits
For her Mystery Lover
To come to her
In the night
With never a word
And Take her
As if she were
A dead horse
And be gone
To die
So that
When she awakes
She can say,
I gave him
Nothing
Never knowing
That she had
Nothing
To give

Ralph

Dwelling in the storied canyons
where there grows no blade of grass,
The air conditioned anthropoids,
in cliffs of steel and stone and glass.
In huddled herds, in harried haste,
work and eat and sleep and die
They do not spend the time they save
They do not look up at the sky

Wood

Tit Whittle Lollipop
Hung Diddle Boo
Forty Three Elephants
Boiled in a stew
Frying's impossible
Baking is too;
Roasting too messy
And Broiling won't do.
When they ask, "Wot is dis?"
I'll give them no clue
Save, Tit Whittle Lollipop
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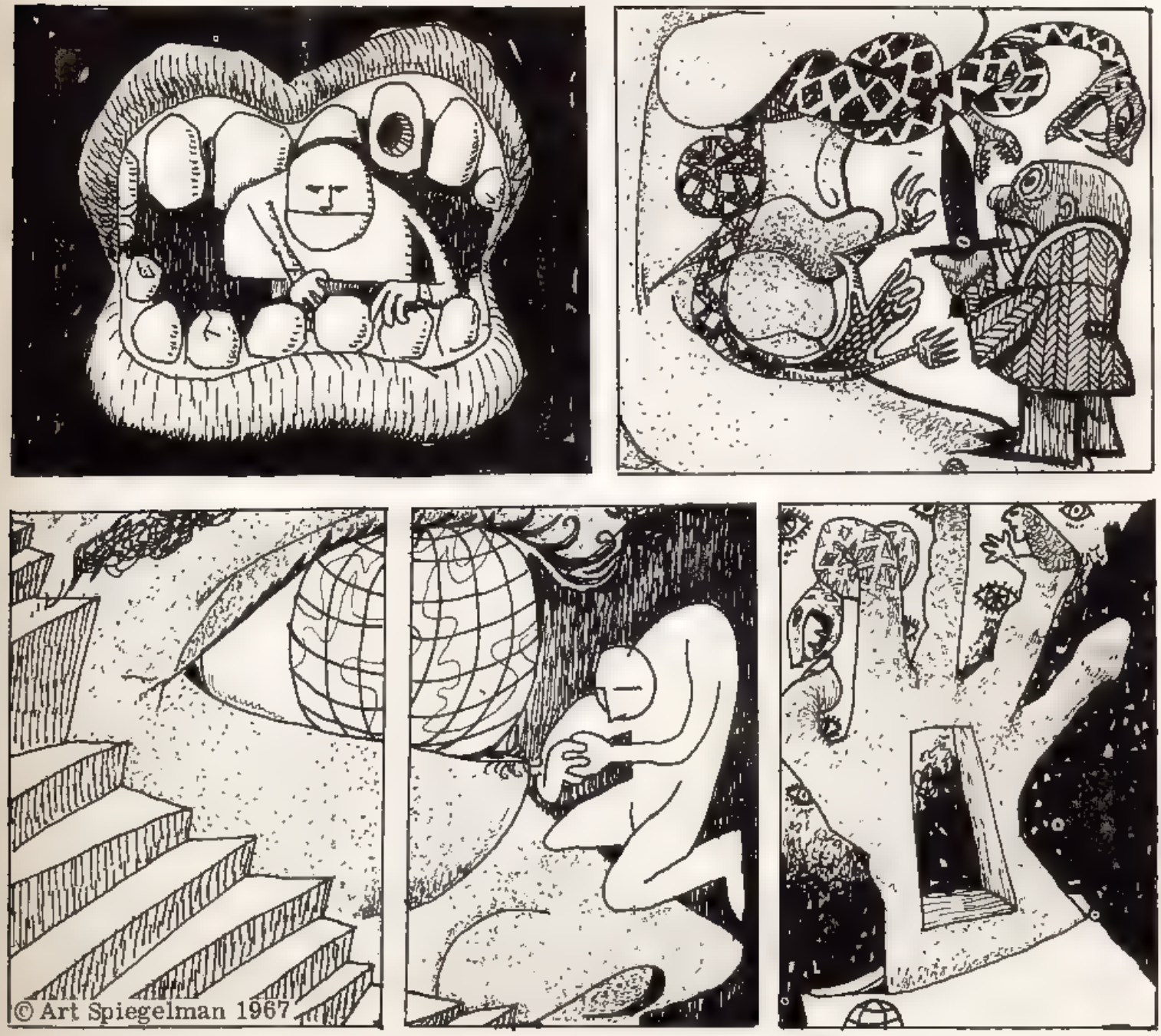
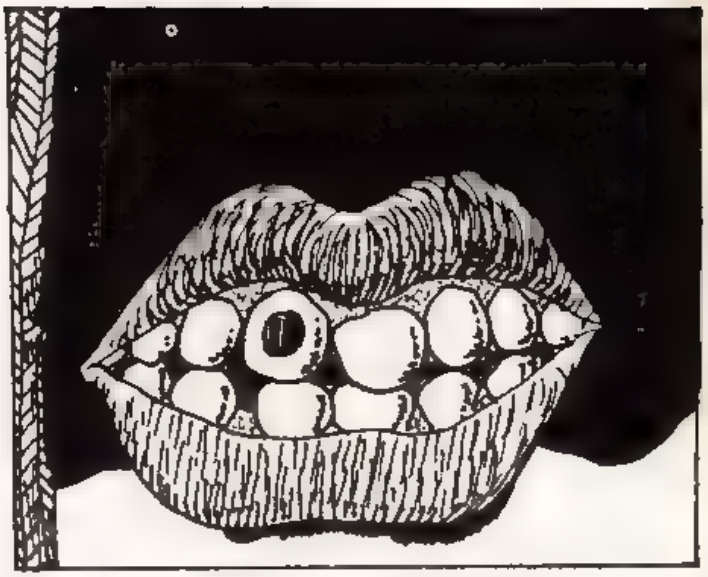
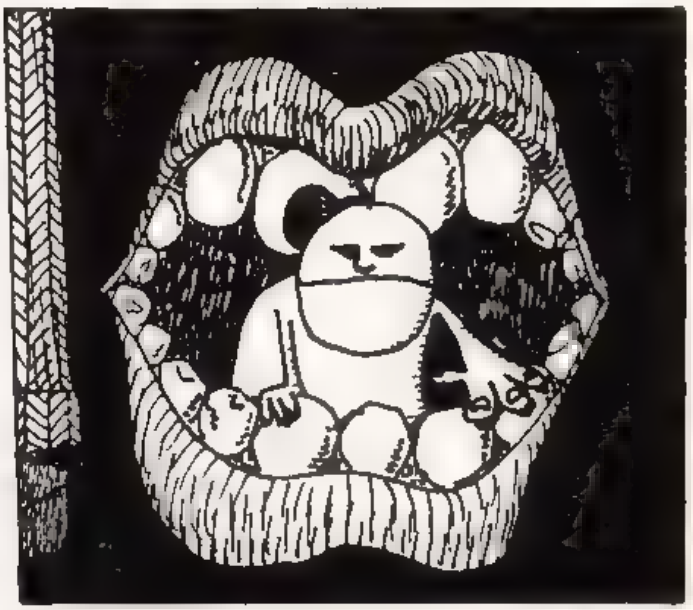
Pearson

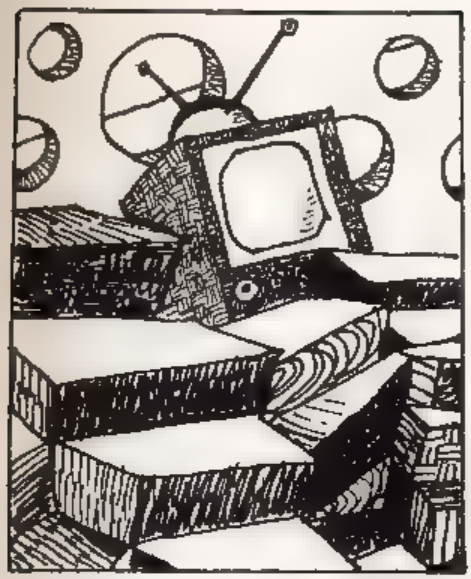
"Now, slowly, repeat after me...
'THE — RAIN — IN — SPAIN—'"
Elder.
© Will Elder 1967

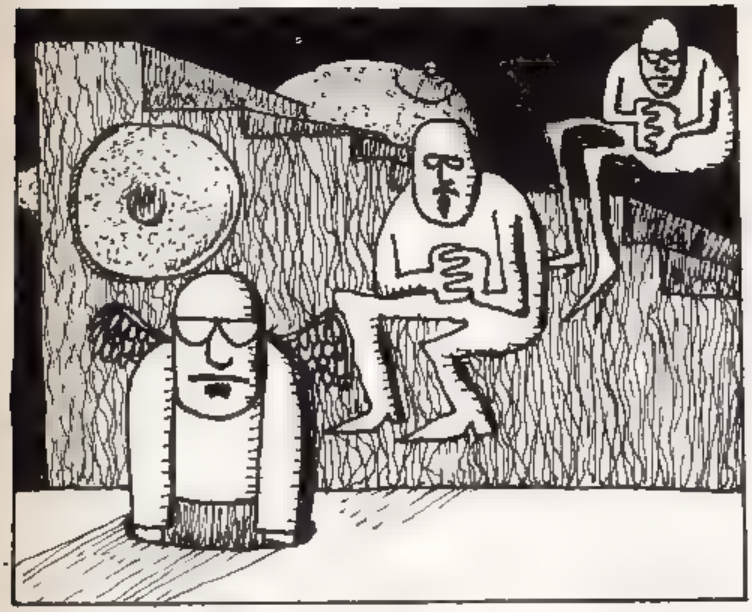
a flash of insight, a cloud of dust and a hearty hi-yo silver

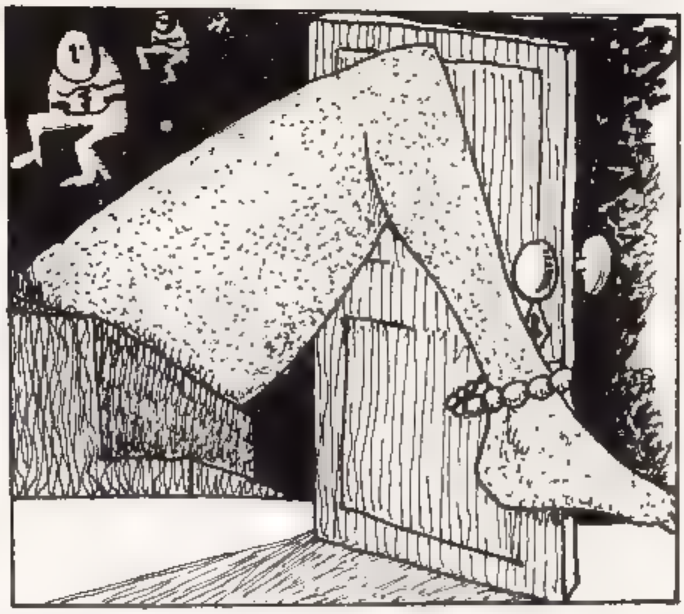




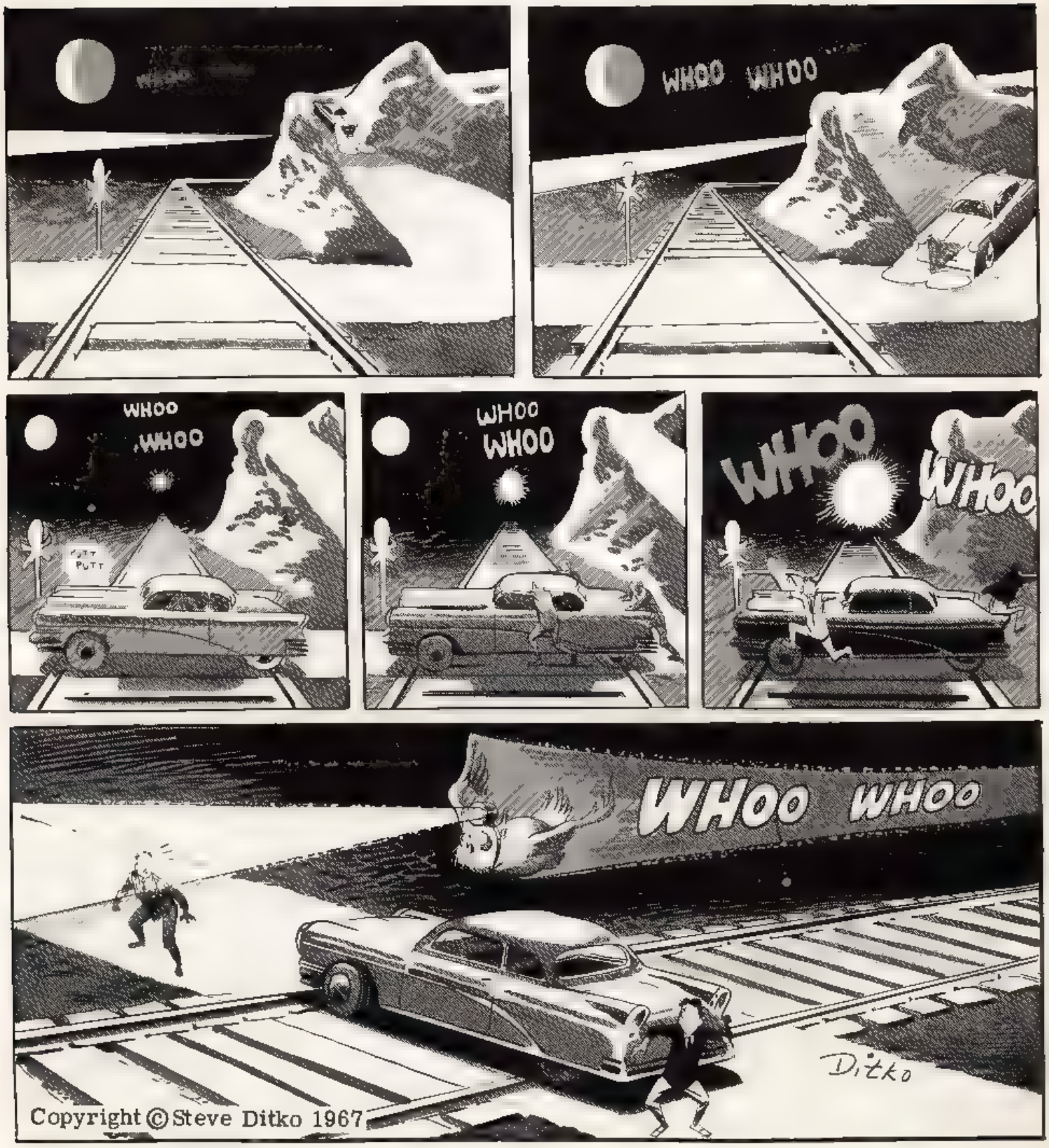








MIDNIGHT SPECIAL



...By The Fountain In The Park...

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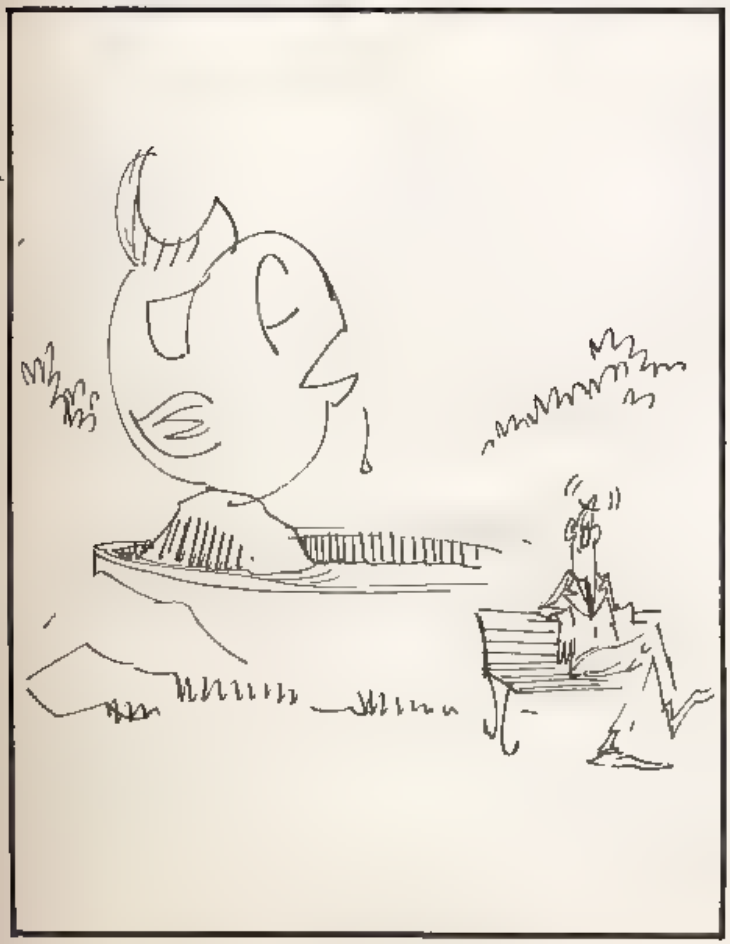

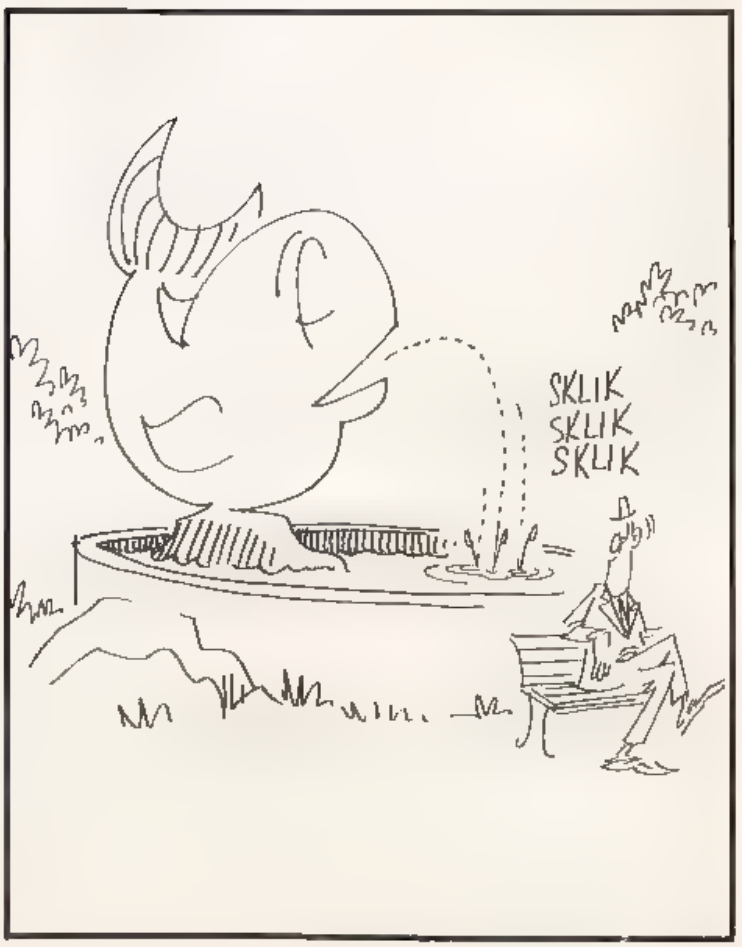

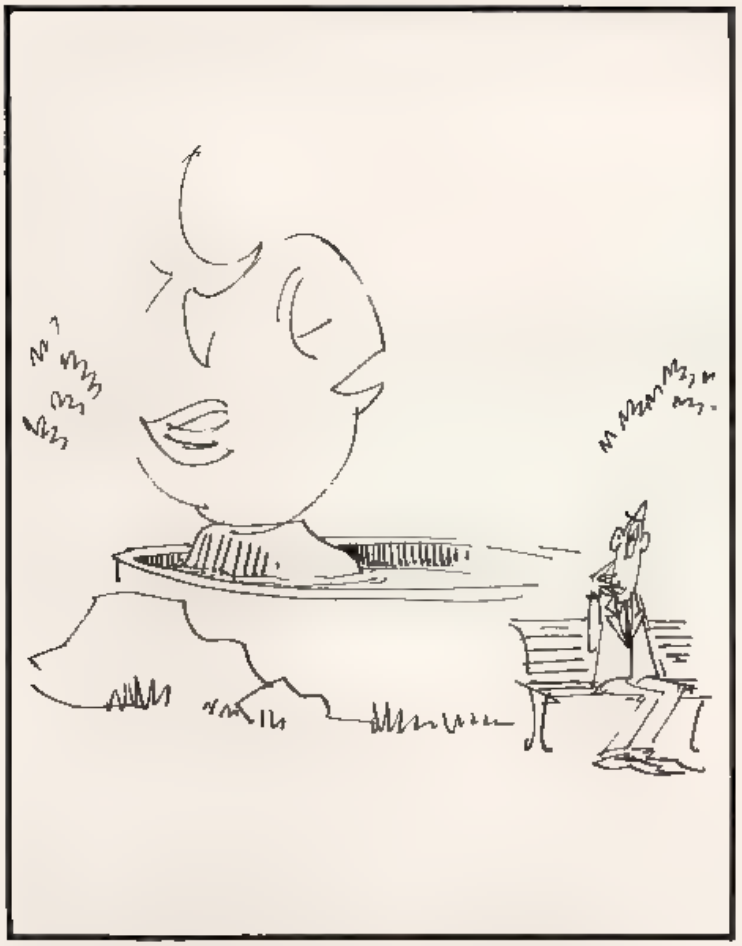

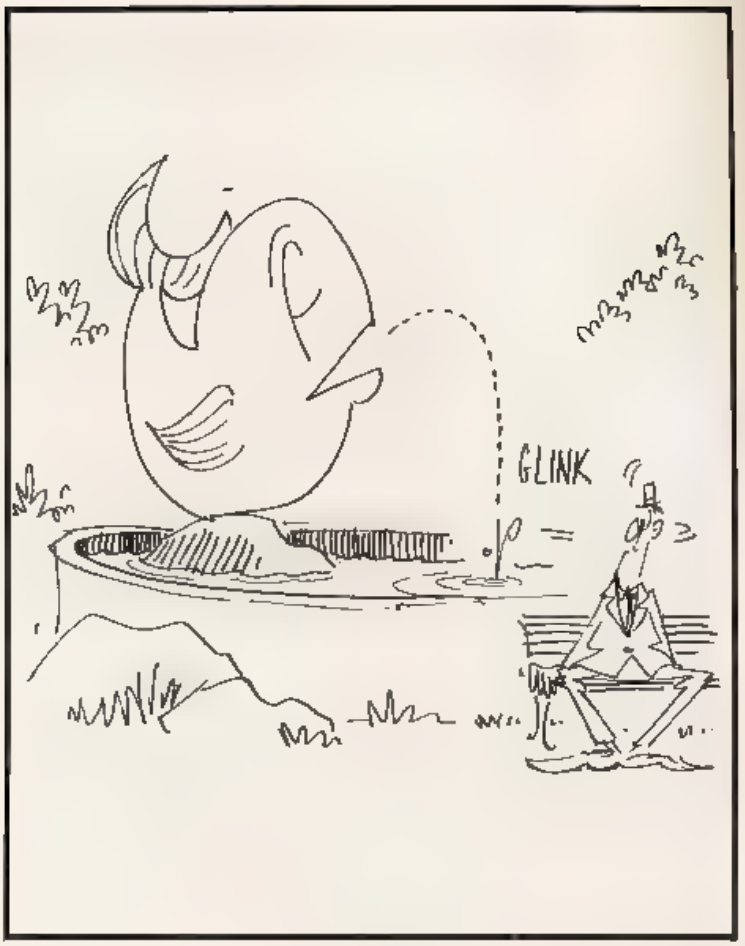
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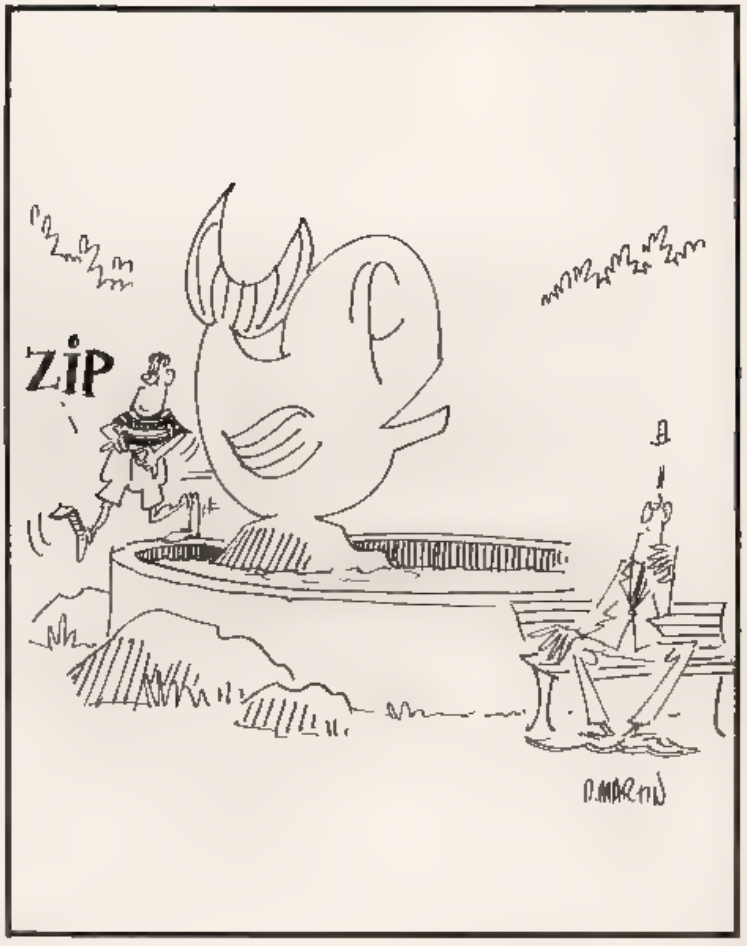
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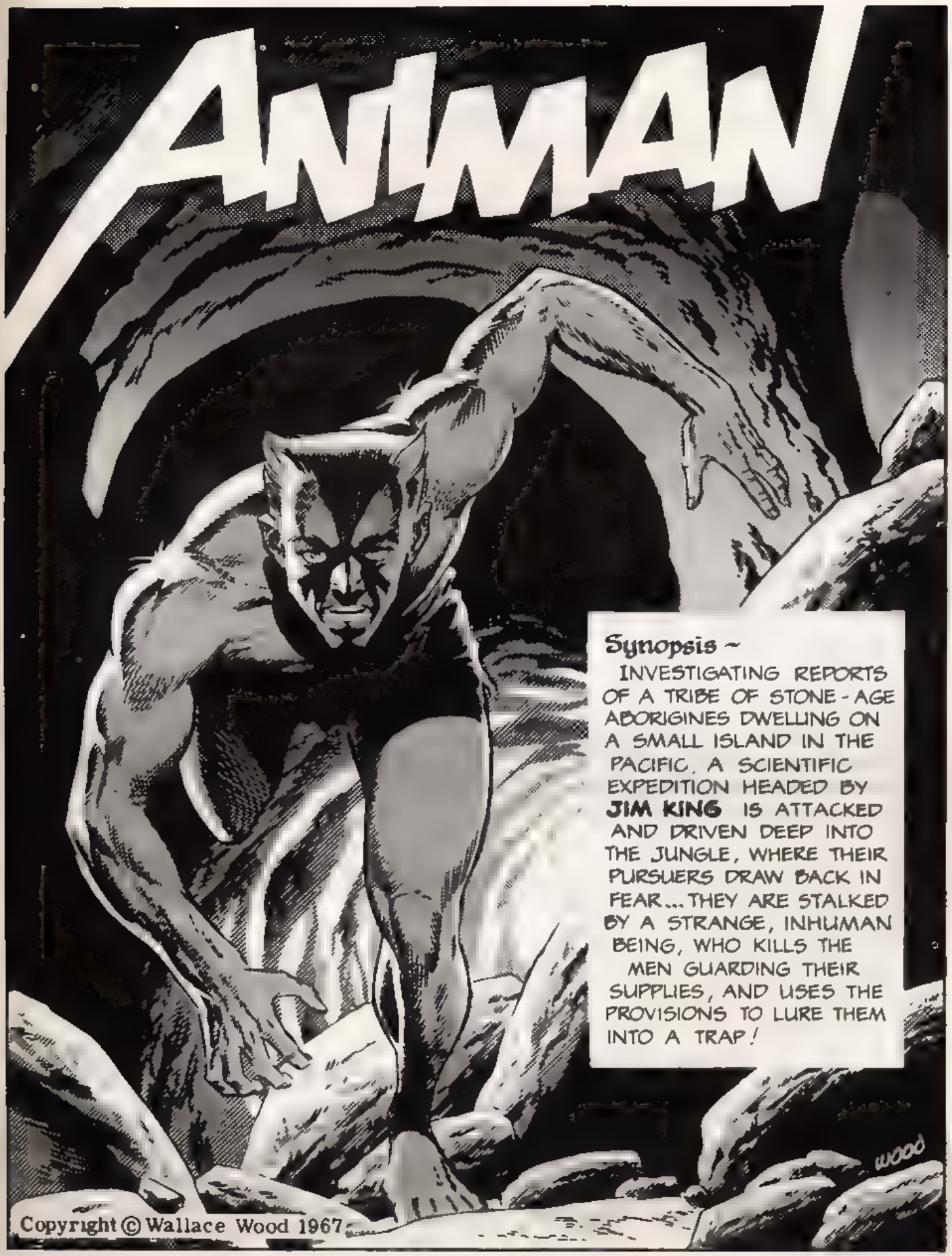
ANIMAN
Synopsis ~
INVESTIGATING REPORTS OF A TRIBE OF STONE-AGE ABORIGINES DWELLING ON A SMALL ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC, A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION HEADED BY JIM KING IS ATTACKED AND DRIVEN DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE, WHERE THEIR PURSUERS DRAW BACK IN FEAR... THEY ARE STALKED BY A STRANGE, INHUMAN BEING, WHO KILLS THE MEN GUARDING THEIR SUPPLIES, AND USES THE PROVISIONS TO LURE THEM INTO A TRAP!
wood
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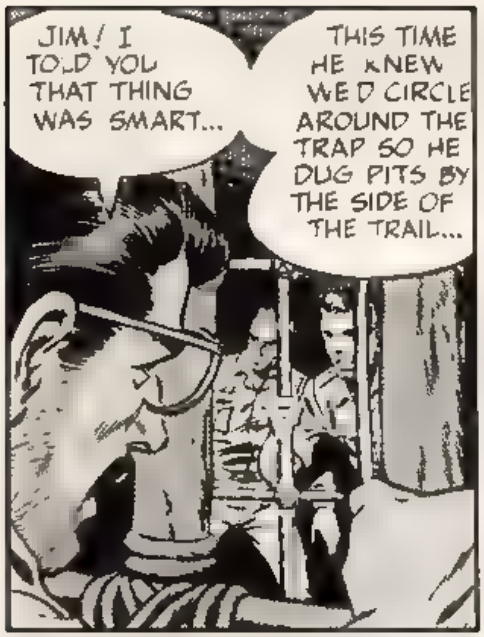
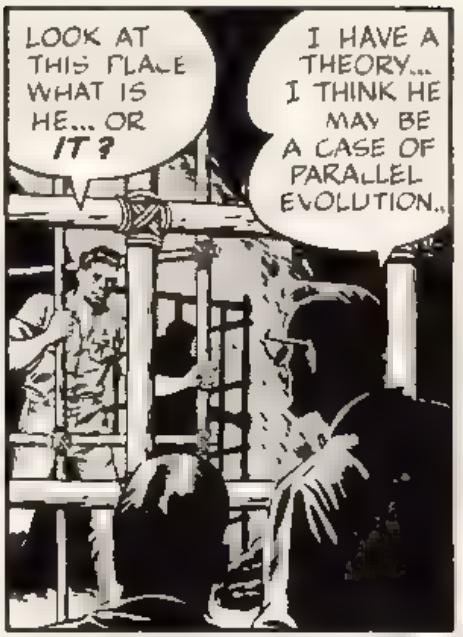
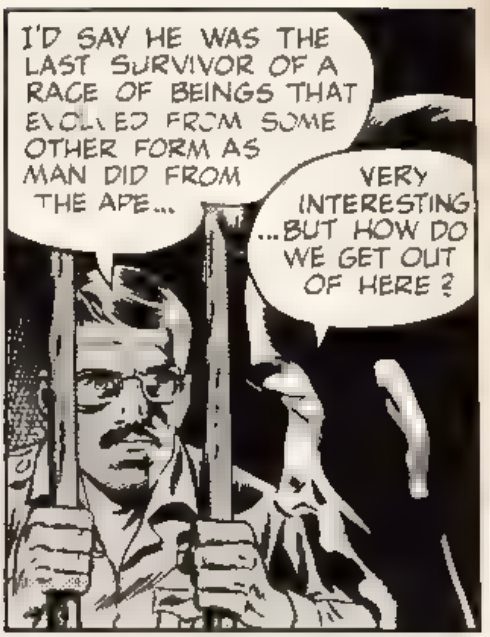
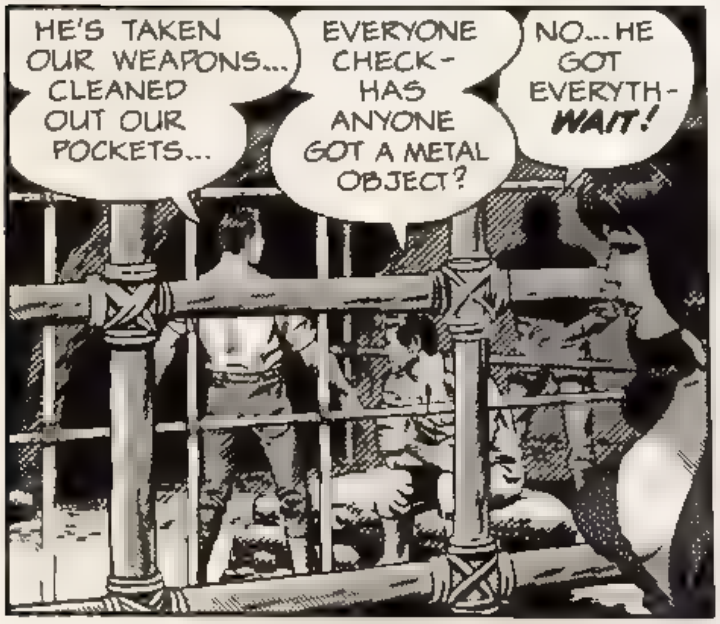
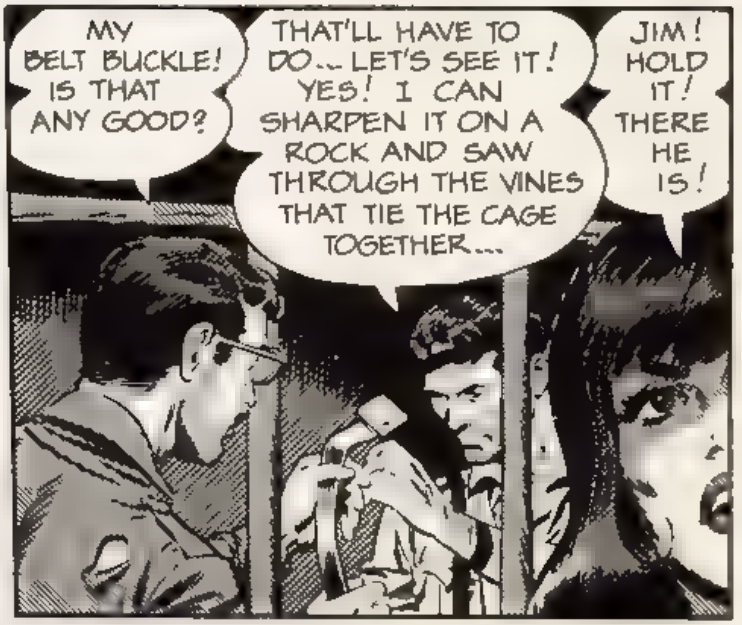




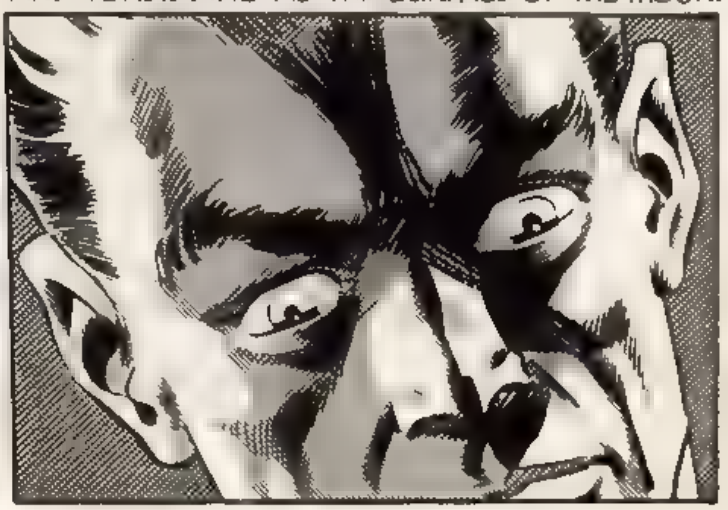

I'D SAY HE WAS THE LAST SURVIVOR OF A RACE OF BEINGS THAT EVOLVED FROM SOME OTHER FORM AS MAN DID FROM THE APE...
VERY INTERESTING ...BUT HOW DO WE GET OUT OF HERE?




MY BELT BUCKLE! IS THAT ANY GOOD?
THAT'LL HAVE TO DO... LET'S SEE IT! YES! I CAN SHARPEN IT ON A ROCK AND SAW THROUGH THE VINES THAT TIE THE CAGE TOGETHER...
JIM! HOLD IT! THERE HE IS!

AND THEN THEY ALL ARE AWARE OF THE THING WATCHING THEM, STANDING MOTIONLESS AS A GRAVEN STATUE... MAJESTIC, SAVAGE, AND... TERRIFYING!

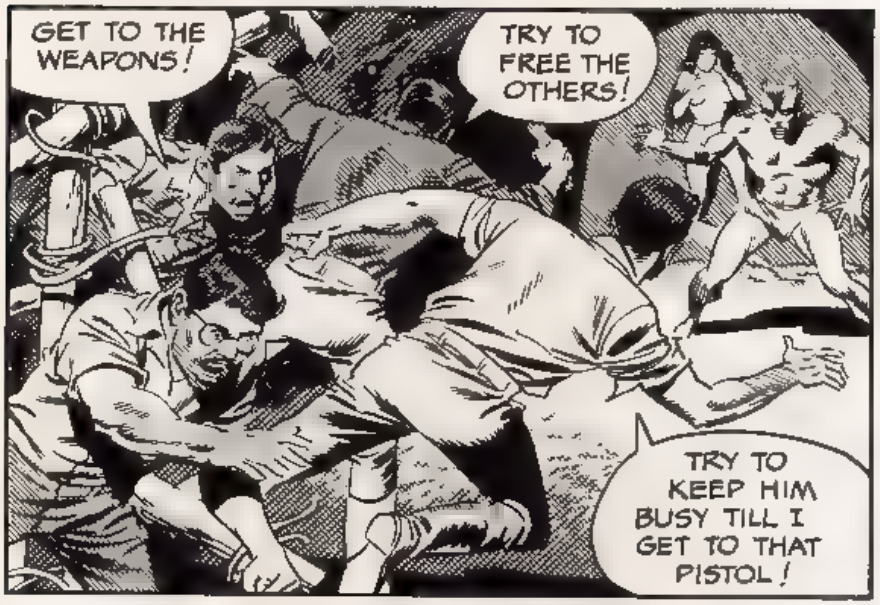
HAVE YOU EVER KNOWN REAL FEAR? FEAR THAT TURNS THE SPINE TO ICE...? THEY STARE INTO TWO BALEFUL SLITS AS COLD AND FORBIDDING AS THE SURFACE OF THE MOON.



FOR WHAT SEEMS AN ETERNITY THE CREATURE REGARDS THEM SILENTLY.. AND THEN...
WHAT'S HE DOING?
HE'S TAKING A PISTOL APART... STUDYING IT...
...AND WITH SCIENTIFIC CURIOUSITY, I MIGHT ADD...
ARE YOU MAD, DOCTOR? THAT ANIMAL... SCIENTIFIC?
HE MUST WONDER HOW SUCH A THING COULD HAVE HURT HIM..
ANIMAL YOU SAY? LOOK!
HE'S PUTTING IT BACK TOGETHER!
HE'S GONE...
I WONDER WHAT HE PLANS TO DO WITH US!
I JUST HOPE HE DOESN'T DECIDE TO TAKE ONE OF US APART...
NOW, KEEP TALKING... MAKE A RACKET! I'M GOING TO START SHARPENING THIS BUCKLE!
KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR HIM! LET ME KNOW WHEN HE'S COMING BACK!
WHEN WE GET OUT, KEEP HIM BUSY, AND WHOEVER IS IN THE CLEAR GO FOR THE PISTOL!
RIGHT! TOO BAD WE CAN'T TRY TO TAKE HIM ALIVE...
LATER...
IT'S WORKING! IT'S CUTTING THROUGH THE VINE! WE'LL BE OUT IN A MINUTE!
JIM! HERE HE COMES.
SILENTLY AND DELIBERATELY, THE ANIMAL MAN STALKS TO THE CAGE HOLDING THE GIRL..
CATHY! HE'S AFTER CATHY! WHAT-:?

UNRESISTING, SHE ALLOWS HERSELF TO BE LED OUT OF THE CAGE...

AND AT THAT MOMENT...



AS ANIMAN SCATTERS THE PITIFUL SCREEN OF HUMAN BODIES...

...ONE OF THE MEN GOES TO WORK ON THE OTHER CAGES...

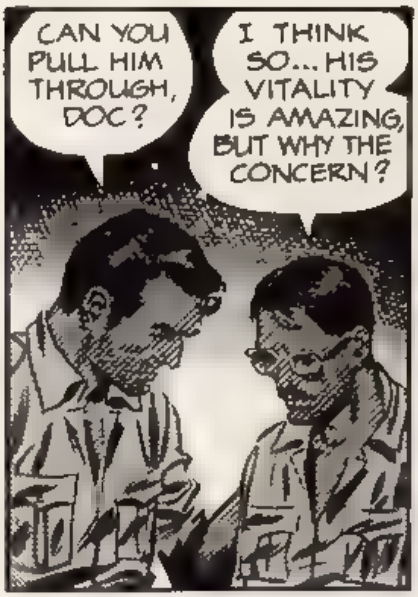
THEN THE REST ARE UPON HIM...

BUT IT IS A HANDFUL OF MEN PITTED AGAINST THE SAVAGE STRENGTH AND LIGHTNING REFLEXES OF A TIGER!

THEN THE ANIMAL MAN IS IN THE CLEAR... AN OMINOUS SOUND MAKES HIM WHIRL...

...TOO LATE!

LATER...



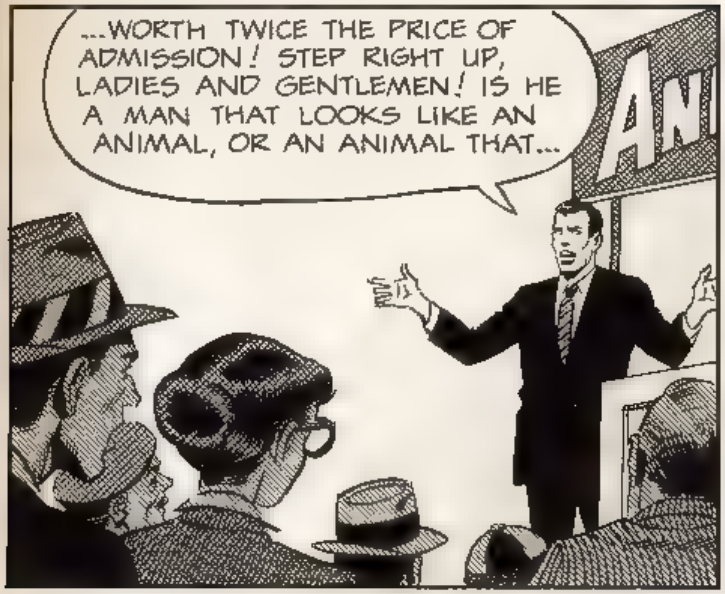
BECAUSE HE'S A GOLD MINE YOU FOOL! HE'S GOING TO BE WORTH A MILLION BUCKS TO ME!
SOONER OR LATER, THERE WILL BE A SEARCH FOR US, SO PREPARE SIGNAL FIRES..

WEEKS PASS IN AN AGONY OF WAITING, AND THEN ONE DAY...

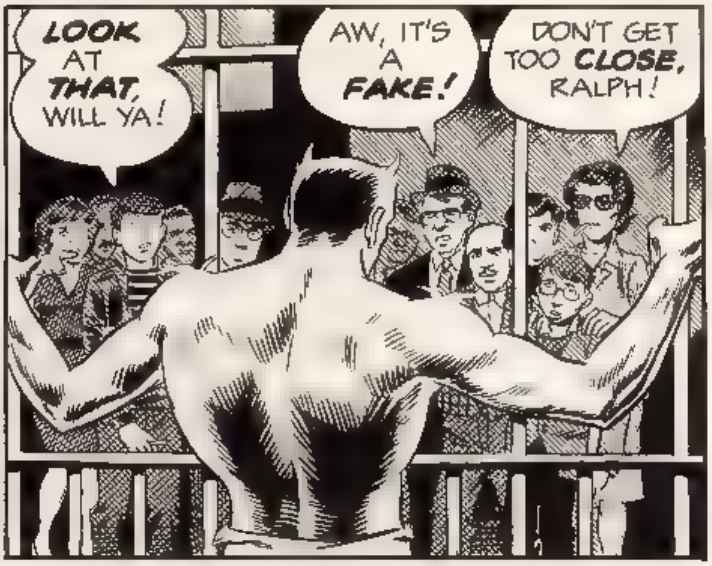
AND SO, PICKED UP BY HELICOPTER, TRANSFERED TO A HUGE JET TRANSPORT, THE ANIMAL MAN COMES TO THE UNITED STATES...

...I'VE GIVEN OUR MONSTER A NAME... COMBINATION OF "ANIMAL" AND "MAN"... HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
"ANIMAN"
JIM... SOMEHOW I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF PUTTING HIM ON EXHIBIT... LIKE SOME WILD BEAST... IT ISN'T RIGHT...

SOON 'ANIMAN' IS TOURING THE COUNTRY...


...WORTH TWICE THE PRICE OF ADMISSION! STEP RIGHT UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! IS HE A MAN THAT LOOKS LIKE AN ANIMAL, OR AN ANIMAL THAT...
AN

SILENTLY, WITH BURNING EYES, HE STUDIES THE PASSING PARADE...

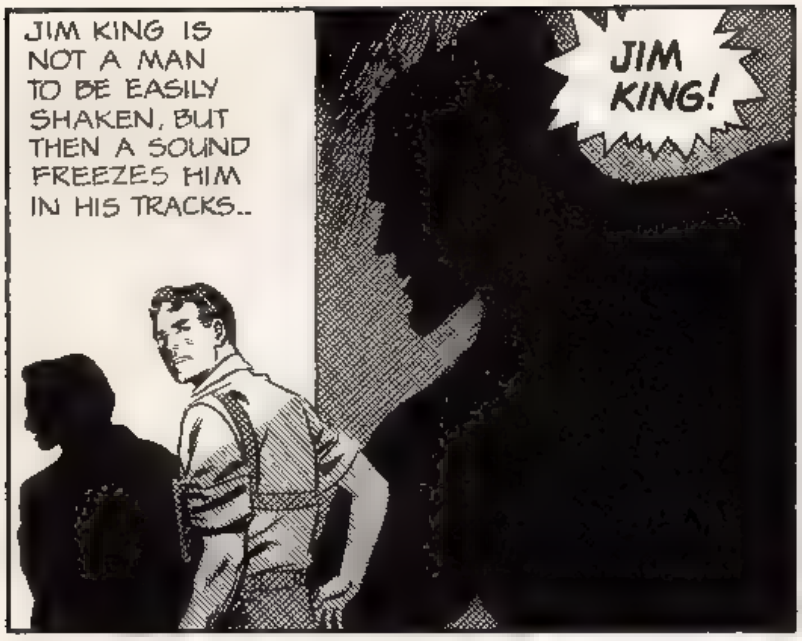


...AND IS STUDIED IN TURN BY A TROUBLED CATHY, UNTIL ONE DAY...

AND SO, SHORTLY THEREAFTER...

THEN, ONE NIGHT...

JIM KING IS NOT A MAN TO BE EASILY SHAKEN, BUT THEN A SOUND FREEZES HIM IN HIS TRACKS..

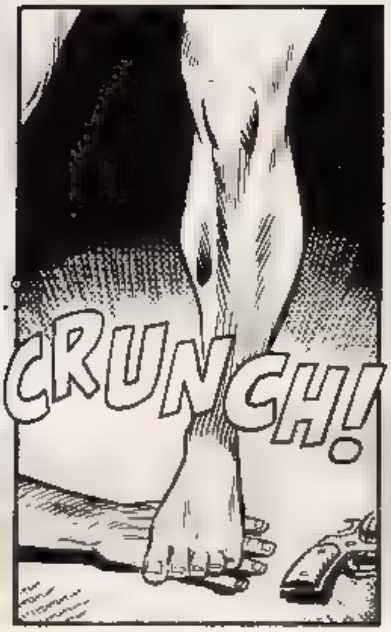


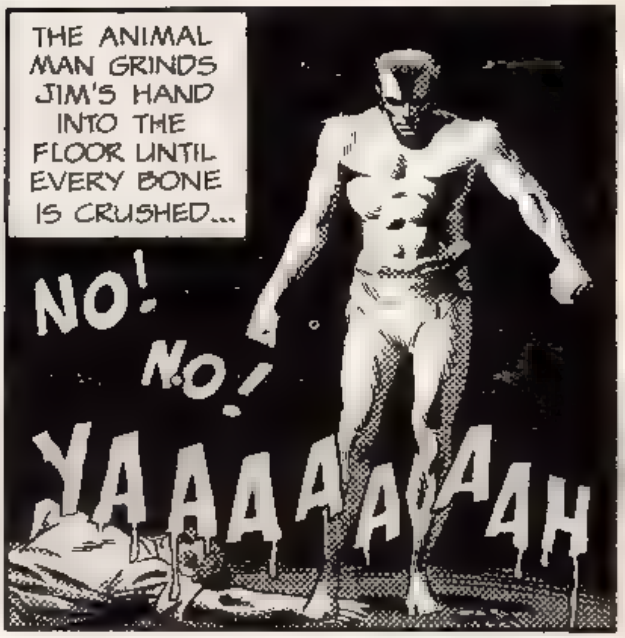
...A SOUND LIKE NOTHING HEARD ON EARTH SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME... A SOUND UTTERED BY VOCAL CORDS NOT MEANT FOR HUMAN SPEECH, AND THE EFFECT IS ENOUGH TO MAKE ONE'S FLESH CRAWL...

TIME SEEMS TO STAND STILL AS THE TWO REGARD EACH OTHER... A LOW, WARNING RUMBLE BEGINS IN ANIMAN'S THROAT AS JIM'S HAND MOVES TOWARD HIS GUN...

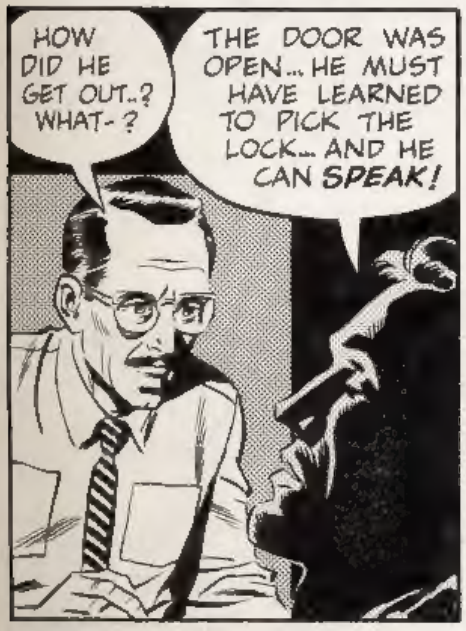
MUSCLES LIKE STEEL SPRINGS RIPPLE UNDER THE LEATHERY HIDE... AND THEN - !

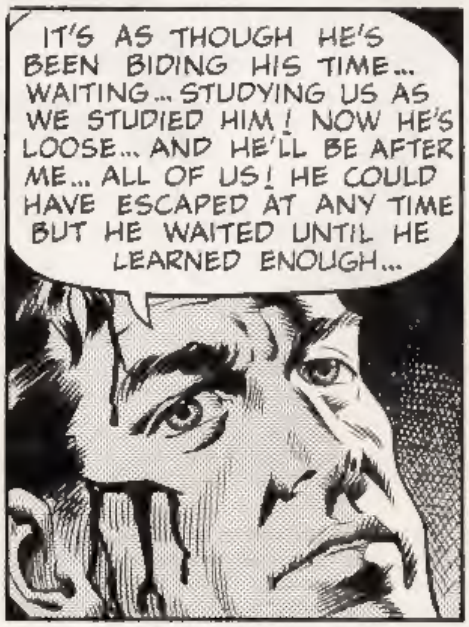
A BLUR OF ACTION...

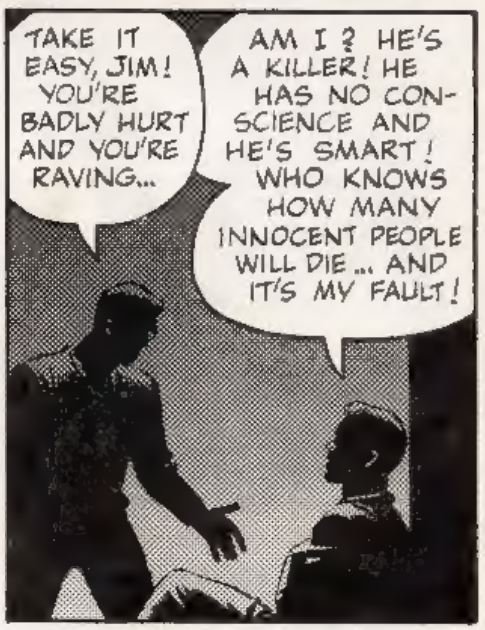




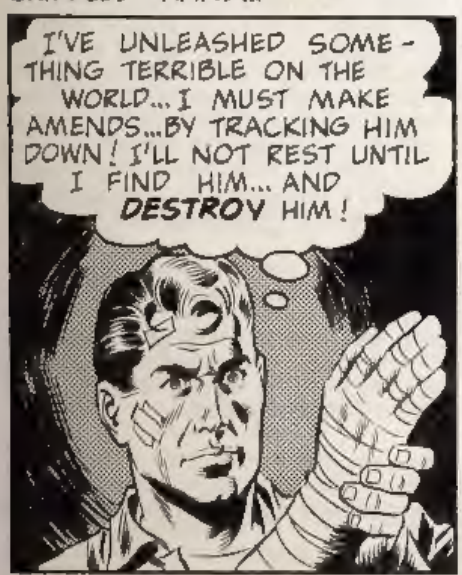
THE SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS SAVES JIM'S LIFE...




IT'S AS THOUGH HE'S BEEN BIDING HIS TIME... WAITING... STUDYING US AS WE STUDIED HIM! NOW HE'S LOOSE... AND HE'LL BE AFTER ME... ALL OF US! HE COULD HAVE ESCAPED AT ANY TIME BUT HE WAITED UNTIL HE LEARNED ENOUGH...


TAKE IT EASY, JIM! YOU'RE BADLY HURT AND YOU'RE RAVING...
AM I? HE'S A KILLER! HE HAS NO CONSCIENCE AND HE'S SMART! WHO KNOWS HOW MANY INNOCENT PEOPLE WILL DIE... AND IT'S MY FAULT!

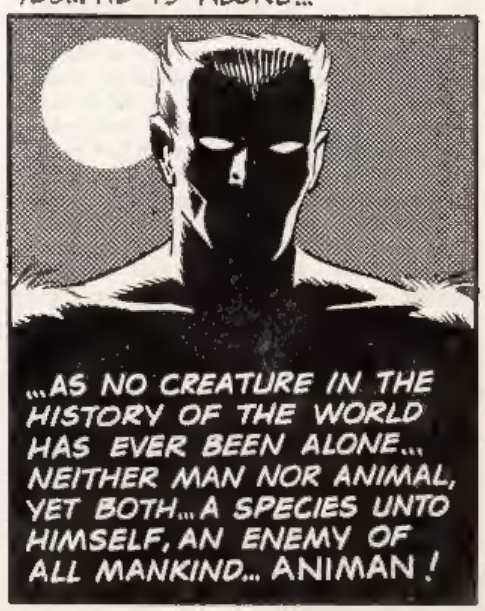
LATER, JIM REGARDS HIS CRIPPLED HAND...


I'VE UNLEASHED SOMETHING TERRIBLE ON THE WORLD... I MUST MAKE AMENDS... BY TRACKING HIM DOWN! I'LL NOT REST UNTIL I FIND HIM... AND DESTROY HIM!

AS CATHY LEARNS OF THE ESCAPE...

HOW IS HE TO SURVIVE IN A WORLD OF MEN AND LAWS? OH, ANIMAN! WHY DO I CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU? YOU'RE WITHOUT HUMAN FEELINGS, YOU ARE A MONSTER, A SAVAGE, AN ANIMAL...
AND YET, WE'VE WRONGED YOU SO TERRIBLY... YOU ARE SO ALONE...

YES... HE IS ALONE...


...AS NO CREATURE IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD HAS EVER BEEN ALONE... NEITHER MAN NOR ANIMAL, YET BOTH... A SPECIES UNTO HIMSELF, AN ENEMY OF ALL MANKIND... ANIMAN!

herein, and furthermore...

We're doing better than we had reason to hope (by way of contributions from fellow artists), in fact, so well that the problem seems to be what to schedule for what issue, rather than how to scrape an issue together. We are trying to balance each issue so that one will not be all funny and the next all straight. For instance, Gray Morrow came through with his sensational fantasy adventure tale, which he wrote and drew (and lettered) especially for WITZEND, just in time to make this issue, and to cause us to frantically reshuffle our whole schedule. But a thousand thanks, old buddy--feel free to disrupt us in this fashion any time! You are undoubtedly one of the great men of our time, and you shall be rewarded in your next incarnation.

The Kurtzman pages are vintage Kurtzman of course, and it is a violation of our "no policy" to print them, but what the hell! They are so great, and we are so delighted to have his permission to use them that we will forget that they've been printed before. In general though, we will not do reprints.

Chalk up another one to left field! Warren Sattler, who met your publisher briefly at one of the meetings of the National Cartoonists' Society, suddenly and without advance warning sent in the Dragon story in this issue. And promises that more such efforts will be forthcoming in the future. Great!

Don Martin, old friend and famous Madman, sent us a couple of his inimitable flights of fantasy, one of which graces this issue. Steve Ditko (and if you say "Who?" what are you doing with this book?) gives us a small sampling of his polymorphous, many-faceted self, and the promise that his major effort will be ready in time for our next issue. Roy G. Krenkel will be well represented in future issues, as well as The Dillons, Will Elder, and Frank Frazetta. Frank, who has given up comics for the more rewarding field of illustration, has a strip which he made up about 20 years ago, dealing with cave men in the future, mutants and—but why torment you? It's great, and we'll probably be running it in our next issue. Also may do a feature on him, as we'll be the grateful recipients of a lot of his sketches and paintings. And from the mail, it seems that he has more fans than just about anybody we can think of.

credits revisited...

Quite a few letters have come in asking, and making wild guesses, as to who did what on the job called "Savage World," FORGET IT! Because some of his friends pitched in to help him meet a deadline doesn't alter the fact that it is an AL WILLIAMSON job. By the way, an interesting sidelight to that job is the fact that it was drawn in 1954 and written in 1966. It was done for a comic book, long since defunct, and never printed. Using Al's art as a framework, we did a completely different interpretation.

Also, no one seems to know who did the "Sinner" story. Thought we'd covered that, but apparently were too carried away with our literary style. Anyway, it was written and drawn (and lettered) by Creepy Editor Archie Goodwin. And caused a lot of comment.

The page of poetry and the "Tale" were written by Wallace Wood, who suffered an attack of false modesty at the last minute.

PEARSON IS COMING!

A word from Wood...

SUBSCRIBE!

It has been definitely established—this is a HOBBY. And a Public Service, both to the artists represented and to you. Issue no. 1 was a lot of fun. But it was the kind of fun that can wear pretty thin if it continues issue after issue. Anticipation was a big part of it, as well as contacting old friends, making deals for ads, even carrying boxes of books from the printer was not without some gratification. But if this is to continue, and become a regular thing, I'll have to curtail some of that kind of activity.

My studio has become a combination warehouse and post office, and every spare moment of my time (as well as a good part of my working time) has been taken up by WITZEND. I'm not complaining... it's just that I'd like as much of that time to be devoted to art work as possible. In short, I'd like to be a CONTRIBUTOR to my own book. This is where YOU come in.

Orders for no. 1 are still continuing to trickle in. That's GREAT! And is, of course, unavoidable with a first issue. But orders for no. 2 are trickling in. That's BAD! I don't want to have to circulate fliers every time a new issue is ready, nor wait for word-of-mouth to start the trickle again. I want SUBSCRIBERS!

This is in YOUR interest as well. The sooner we can have ONE PRINTING and ONE MAILING, the sooner we can settle down to a regular publishing schedule. And it means that you can be sure of getting your copy. And getting it hot off the press.

So—have faith. There will DEFINITELY BE FOUR ISSUES. Send TWO DOLLARS now for 3 and 4, which will complete one subscription. DO NOT order beyond 4—we will have to make an appraisal of our situation at that time. Wait for an announcement in number 4 to subscribe further. That way all subscriptions will be running concurrently.

Please do not send in art work or manuscripts. If you have something that you feel is of professional quality, and unusual, send in a photostat or xerox which does not need to be returned. Please—letters of comment are welcome, but do not hide your orders in the middle of a long letter. And be specific—don't say "send me your latest issue" or "send me two issues." Say, "send me no. 3 and 4." And be patient. Don't write asking when the next issue will be out. All my contributors are hard-working professional artists in a rough and demanding business. We'll get each issue out as fast as we can. That's all I can promise.

ZIP!
Postal regulations as of Jan. 1, 1967 require that all third-class material have zip code numbers. If your copy is returned and has to be mailed first class, it can mean a delay of weeks. Not to mention the expense.

Drawings (below) by Roy G. Krenkel.

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